But not unto her form alone,
Should praises justly be confined;
Though so near beauties summit grown,
It equals not her lovelier mind.

True, gentle, humble, modest worth,
With innocence, and virtue too,
Conspicuous in her shine forth;
Thus she delights both thought and view.

The eastern poets sweetly sing,
How the enamoured nightingale,
Soars o'er the rose with restless wing,
To guard it from too rough a gale.

Oh! how delighted should I be,
Like him to watch a lovelier rose,
To imitate this care for thee,
And every threatning ill oppose.

But if the fates severe refuse,
Such happiness should e'er be mine,
May they one far superior chuse,
For charming Lucy's Valentine.

HELIOTROPUS.*

THE following version into Latin, of a popular English ballad, is inserted for the amusement of those who are acquainted with the learned languages. It is chiefly remarkable for its exact coincidence with the original, both in sense and metre; and if it ever before appeared in print, it is without the knowledge of the writer. It was composed many years ago, by an unknown member of one of the English universities, who also made a translation of it equally exact into the Greek language, which shall be inserted on some future opportunity. The original ballad is added, to enable an estimate of its correctness to be formed by those, who have not before seen it.

SHENKINI QUESTUS.

PRÆCLARUS ortu Shenkin,
Ex stirpe Theodori,
Sed sessit a me
Splendor famæ,
Veneris furore.

Splendentis Winifridæ
Ocelli perculsere,
Cor heu crudeli
Ictu teli,
Desperat ars mederi.

Tam clarus fuit nemo
Ceu pili, ceu Baccilli;
Cursu equestri,
Vel pedestri,
Haud quisquam compar illi.

Nunc gaudiœ fugerunt,
Emaciantur genæ;
Cor heu sic dolet,
Non ut solet,
Tam cæpe olet bene.

Non usquam deglutienda
Promulsis de Montgomery;
Si cessat quies
Plus sex dies,
Eternum valet Flummery.

THE ORIGINAL BALLAD.

SHENKIN'S COMPLAINT.

OF a noble race was Shenkin,
Of the line of Owen Tudor,
But hur renown
Is fled and gone,
Since cruel love pursued hur.

Sweet Winny's cheeks bright shining,
And snowy breast alluring,
Poor Shenkin's heart,
With fatal dart,
Has wounded past all curing.

Hur was the prettiest fellow,
At stool ball, or at cricket,
At hunting chace,
Or nimble race,
Ye gods how hur could prick it.

But now all joys are flying,
All pale and wan hur cheeks too;
Hur heart so aches,
Hur quite forsakes
Hur herrings and hur leeks too.

No more shall sweet Metheglin,
Be drank in good Montgomery;
And if love sore,
Lasts six days more,
Farewell cream cheese, and flummery.

The following version into French, of two lines on Sir Isaac Newton, is inserted at the request of a gentleman, who signs himself un Emigre François.

ORIGINAL.

NATURE, and Nature's laws, were not in Night,
God said let Newton be, and all was light.

FRENCH VERSION.

LA Nature et ses Loix etoient lune (t lautre en nuit,
Dieu dit, que soit Newton, et l'univeras s'eclaire essoit.

---

* Heliotropium Luci semper vertit.